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Business Notices.

Dr. F. H. HARRISON makes a specialty of the nature extraction of teeth at 1218 Broadway (Wallack's Theatre Building), corner of 30th St., New York City.

Many prizes have been awarded to Angostura Bitters as the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite, and to keep the digestive organs in good order.

POOLS—FILES—FILES. No charge until cured without kudo, powder or salts. Dr. C. K. H. 11 East 20th St. Write for references. Dr. C. K. H. 11 East 20th St.

RATES REDUCED—LELAND'S STURTEVANT HOUSE. Rooms with bath, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 a day; rooms with bath, \$1.50 a day.

THOUGHTS, from neglecting a common cold, have died of consumption. ADAMS'S CURE BALM will cure the cough. Price, 10 cents. Depot, 343 4th Ave.

TRIBUNE TERMS TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS. Postage free in the United States. 3 Months, \$3.00; 6 Months, \$5.00; 1 Year, \$9.00. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

ADVERTISING RATES OF THE TRIBUNE. Daily, 100 words, 10 cents; 1000 words, \$1.00; 10000 words, \$10.00. Weekly, 100 words, 50 cents; 1000 words, \$5.00; 10000 words, \$50.00.

NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE. FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, FEB. 15.

TWELVE PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—Messengers from Khartoum report that the city has not fallen; their story is discredited. Precautions to protect Parliament buildings. Annexation of the Island of Samoa by Germany confirmed. Queen Victoria ill. Jules Louis Joseph Vallés dead.

CONGRESS.—The Senate discussed the Indian Appropriation bill. The House considered the Post Office Appropriation bill.

DOMESTIC.—The American Fish and Game Protective Association held an important meeting in Boston. The brother of a man lynched in Montana stole his way on the cars to Iowa and was frozen. One vote was cast in the Illinois Legislature for United States Senator. A movement in behalf of the Highland Crofters was started in Chicago. Dr. Helmhold was released from an insane asylum in Philadelphia.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—The trial of Captain Williams continued. Secret marriage of Dr. Segnitz. Report of the Executive Committee of the Brooklyn Young Republican Club. Meeting of the Senate Committee on Gas. A stay of proceedings granted in the Edison case. Celebration of the Chinese New Year.

Henry Bergh opposed a railroad in Broadway. Captain Phelan in the Tombs Police Court. Gold value of the legal tender silver dollar (412½ grains), \$2.90 cents. Stocks irregularly active and declining, closed unsettled at some partial recoveries.

THE WEATHER.—THURSDAY local observations in detail partly cloudy weather. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 27°; lowest, 17°; average, 23°.

Judge Freedman said substantially yesterday, in proceedings in the Edison contempt case, that the power of granting injunctions was doubtless sometimes abused. This is precisely the point made by the prominent citizens who sent a petition to the Legislature a day or two ago in regard to the matter, and it is gratifying to see it now supported in a quarter so unexpected.

In anticipation of the dedication of the Washington Monument at the capital next Saturday, an interesting sketch of the structure and its history is printed on the fourth page of THE TRIBUNE to-day. The monument has been talked of since 1783, and has been building, at intervals, since 1848. Now that it is finally finished, it is a satisfaction to know that it is really a splendid tribute to the memory of Washington.

In London the political situation is less strained. The bitter desire for revenge on somebody for the disasters in the Sudan has given way to a calmer feeling, owing in great measure to the influence of the provincial press, which is felt even in Downing-st. The Ministry now seems likely to have more difficulties with the Radicals than the Tories, although it has been strengthened so recently by two men of character and action. The chances are that its policy will receive a severe overhauling when Parliament meets, but that a vote of censure will not be passed.

It is perhaps expecting too much of the Rebel Brigadiers in Congress to suppose that they can ever wholly forgive the men who whipped them some years ago. Not all of them are so magnanimous as Mr. Beverly Tucker, who, the other day, actually pardoned the late Senator Anthony for having been loyal to the Union. But if they cannot forgive, the ex-Confederates at least should dissemble. It would have been wise, for instance, if the late Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, now a United States Representative, had not attacked so sharply yesterday in the House the bill to increase the pension for the widow of General Thomas. The North has the greatest possible love and respect for the memory of this gallant commander, and does not behold with calmness even indirect assaults upon him.

The spirit in which the consolidated gas companies meet the State Senate Committee is indeed encouraging. They desire nothing so much, they say, as to know just what the consumers complain of and how to correct the evils. It has been our impression that the complaints are about overcharges always, higher bills after the reduction of prices than before, and utter indifference on the part of the companies to all objections. As a kind of general defence the counsel of the companies at the committee meeting yesterday insinuated that possibly the meters were to blame. It generally is the meter. The consumers have heard this before however, and if the committee does its work carefully this little machine will hardly serve as a scapegoat hereafter.

Any one who expected to see that patriotic organization, the Brooklyn Young Republican Club, swept out of existence or even dazed by the result of the last National election, made a great mistake. The club never has been in so flourishing a condition as since it got rid of the 154 members who opposed its policy. Its entire membership is now 3,033 against 2,423 on January 1, 1884, which shows that its course in supporting Mr. Blaine last fall strengthened it immensely. It also appears that more than half the club members, 1,366 in number, were personally engaged in election day in efforts to bring out a full vote and secure an honest

count. Moreover all this work was gratuitous. There is no political organization in the country, so far as we know, which can show a record more honorable than this.

It is now announced that the English military authorities will immediately set about the construction of a railway west from Suakin, and that they are confident it can be laid at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a day. This is precisely what General Meigs, in some letters to THE TRIBUNE printed a year ago, said was practicable and advisable, at least under the direction of Yankees. Perhaps his letters have had some effect in England, for at the time they were published the most distinguished English engineers, who have had great experience in India and elsewhere, were declaring that even a metre-gauge road could not be put down at the rate of more than four miles a day. Possibly it is better that the English authorities should have come to this conclusion late than never; but it is terribly unfortunate that they did not make up their minds to it in time to do Gordon some good.

WHO WILL SUFFER?

If the Democrats who are so earnestly urging the suspension of the silver coinage desire to succeed in that endeavor, they would perhaps do well not to put too much stress upon its expediency as a means of relief for Mr. Cleveland's administration. A year ago, when Republicans anxiously urged this measure, Mr. Carlisle made it impossible by organizing the House with Mr. Bland in charge of the Committee on Coinage. The public necessities are not greater, but only a little more evident, than they were when Mr. Carlisle made this outrageous selection. If it has come to this, that the Democratic party does not care what disaster the country may have to bear, and gets interested only when a Democratic President may possibly be embarrassed, the zeal of some Republican members is apt to be chilled.

But there ought to be no thought of partisanship in this matter on either side. The measure ought to be passed, not because it will help Mr. Cleveland out of the very deep hole into which Mr. Carlisle has put the party, but because it is necessary for the welfare of the country and the prosperity of its industry. Secretary McCulloch is quoted as saying that, unless Congress changes the law, this country must be on a silver basis within a year. Do members of Congress know who will suffer in that event? Not the capitalists nor the corporations, but the poor people. The banks have prudently accumulated gold ever since the Silver bill began to operate. The rich men, who have money to lend, have been taking care to get it into the form of gold here or in London. The loss will fall upon other people, and chiefly on those who live by labor.

ITALY ON THE RED SEA.

The Italian Government continues to make extensive preparations for a campaign on the Red Sea. The landing of troops at Massowah has been followed by offers of co-operation with the British on the Abyssinian frontier and by pacific overtures to King Johannes and by invitations to open trade routes to the coast. Reinforcements have been rapidly sent from Naples and the movement in favor of colonial extension has suddenly become popular throughout Italy. The English alliance is hailed by all parties at Rome as a triumph of practical statesmanship. This new departure in diplomatic and National policy ought not to excite surprise. Activity in foreign affairs is a tradition handed down from the time of Cavour. The feeble State that unexpectedly sent a contingent to the Crimea was admitted to the next European Congress. This was the real beginning of Italian unity, and the present greatness of the Nation dates from that campaign of adventure with the Western Powers as allies. From that time Ministries at Rome have never neglected an opportunity for displaying activity in European councils. First it was a French alliance, and then a German coalition; and now that the Great Powers are in the race for colonial extension, an English alliance is readily accepted.

Massowah is one of the most promising centres of trade on the Red Sea; and with the exception of Suakin it possesses the best harbor. The population is made up of Sudanese, Arabs and blacks, with a sprinkling of Gallas. The harbor is already well defended and can easily be made impregnable by European engineers. The importance of the town consists in the close vicinity of Abyssinia. The Italian Government soon after occupying Assab Bay sent an embassy to King Johannes and offered to establish a trade route from the colony to his dominions. His sabbie majesty graciously received the presents that were offered to him, but declined to look favorably upon the projected road across a broad uninhabitable desert.

Massowah is the natural gateway to Abyssinia from the sea, and King Johannes has long been suspected of coveting it, although it was difficult to understand what use this monarch of the mountains of the Blue Nile would make of a sea-port. The Italian traders will find it, however, a most convenient base of operations if they are not encouraged by King Johannes's subjects to penetrate inland. The coast line from Massowah to Assab Bay will be an annexation of considerable magnitude. The commercial importance of this colonial enterprise cannot be very great. Still Massowah gives promise of a future.

The relations of the Italian Government to Abyssinia will render this military and commercial movement as interesting as the French invasion of Tonquin. Massowah itself is an Egyptian town, and nominally is under the sovereignty of the Sultan. The tribes surrounding the town are independent and have been able to defend themselves against assaults from the mountains. They are not subjects of the King of Abyssinia. Indeed, Mr. Kassam insists that there is no kingdom even in the mountains, but only a great tract inhabited by independent tribes, among whom the so-called King of Kings moves at the head of a plundering horde. His Majesty probably has his own ideas about the utility of trade routes.

AN EXCEPTIONAL WINTER.

Observations on the weather which are based upon accurate meteorological records extending over considerable periods are always apt to be inaccurate, since there are few things concerning which the human memory is more treacherous. It is only the "oldest inhabitant" who can invariably bring to mind instances of all kinds of weather far more wonderful than anything recent. An examination of meteorological records over long periods shows that there is a pretty steady general average, notwithstanding exceptional phenomena here and there. For all this the present winter is in some particulars remarkable. Its first half was so mild as to produce a belief that it would be open throughout, but its latter half has been making vigorous efforts to maintain the average severity, and with the result of causing an appearance of abnormal inclemency. While the temperature in the Northwest breeding ground of storms was during November, December, and part of January, above the average, so that cattle on the ranges suffered little, the last month has brought a sudden and sustained assault of cold

and snow, and the several successive cold waves which have swept across the continent have also embraced the Atlantic in their passage to a far greater extent than usual. All vessels now arriving report intense cold at sea. The Alaska encountered heavy ice where it is unusual to find it at this time.

In fact, it looks as though the storms to be expected in March had pushed ahead and got into February this year, and no doubt there will be plenty to suggest that climatic changes are in progress, though no such conclusion can be reached from isolated phenomena. A month ago there seemed danger that the ice crop would fail. Now there is talk of the possible freezing of the Sound; ice is only too abundant in both the rivers; railway traffic has been almost paralyzed by snow; and yet the sudden cold has been eminently useful in diminishing the destructiveness of the freshets which the recent heavy rains set in motion. The present winter is not destined to be remarkable so much for its severity as for its swift and extreme alternations. Changes of forty or fifty degrees in a day have occurred more than once. Heavy rains have been stopped rather than followed by binding frosts.

There have been plenty of more wonderful winters in regard to severity, and in regard to mildness; but not many perhaps in which the two extremes have been more thoroughly mixed than during the present one. It must be a trying season for almanac-makers and prophetic old residents. The Signal Service Bureau finds it impossible to keep up with the changes, though doing its best. It would almost seem as though the weather was in that state of unstable equilibrium which perhaps corresponds in meteorology to the condition of change announced by politicians when they are unable to discover the tendencies of things.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON AMERICA.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's paper on America, from THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, is published in today's TRIBUNE. It is very interesting and suggestive. Mr. Arnold was struck less by the character of our institutions than by their suitability to the American people. He found absent the impediments to clear seeing and straight thinking which he imputes to the arrangement of society in England. He still thinks that we are for the most part Philistines, though without barbarians and Populace above and below. But he admits that American Philistinism is much livelier and brighter than the British article. He does not agree with Sir Lepel Griffin at all as to the corruption of our politics. It is more corrupt than that of England, he says, but much less corrupt than the fervor of our denunciation would lead strangers to believe. At Washington he met politicians who compared well with the highest class of English members of Parliament. Naturally he utilizes his ideas of America to point morals for his own country. He would apply our system of State Governments at home, beginning with Ireland, and giving local sovereignty on all but Imperial affairs. He approves of our Senate, which seems to him the ideal of a second chamber under a Democratic system.

He is impressed by the effect of our principle of equality in modifying the hatred entertained for the rich by the poor. Perhaps on this point he is a little too sanguine, but it is no doubt true that to make rich men grandees is to intensify all the inevitable envy and hostility felt toward them because of their riches. The absence of ranks and classes has, he believes, given us a peculiar ease and breadth. To the American, wealth brings no undue inflation, poverty no humiliation. He is not tempted, like the French, to licentiousness, nor like the English to arrogance. We ourselves, always the least merciful of critics, may not agree with Mr. Arnold altogether as to our keenness and clearness of sight, but we can hardly venture to dispute the observations of so competent a judge as to the defects of his own society, and as to the nature of the influences which bring about the most striking differences between the two peoples.

Mr. Arnold, in speaking his word about America, speaks many words about England and Ireland also, and they, too, will be found worthy of careful attention. His definitions, comparisons, allusions, and expositions are as brilliant, epigrammatic, pungent, and shrewd as usual, and his style is as delightful as ever.

In conclusion, he promises a second paper upon the human problem in the United States, intimating meanwhile that he is not prepared to find any such verdict upon our social life as Sir Lepel Griffin so hastily and foolishly reached. The caution which withholds praise, lest it should savor of flattery, strengthens Mr. Arnold's judgment throughout, and will create a lively desire for his subsequent comments upon the more intimate phases of American life.

THE ROMANCE OF DYNAMITE.

The dynamiteurs are making desperate efforts to save themselves from being extinguished by the fresher and larger sensation of Sudanese events, and their endeavors are so vigorous that it seems a pity not to accord them some recognition. Here in one day we have had no less than three remarkable and romantic announcements. First there was the ingenious story of the dynamite Congress at Paris, whereat the propriety and expediency of assassinating all the members of the English House of Commons who voted for the Crimes Act is to be discussed and determined, besides the minor question of the use of dynamite generally, and affiliation of the dynamiteurs with the Fenians, or the Fenians with the dynamiteurs. It is to be presumed that this congress will have open sessions, and that it will be under the protection of the French Government. Then comes the highly ingenious and altogether credible "confession" of Martin O'Connor, the alleged dynamiteur who is represented as having given to a Pittsburgh reporter an elaborate account of his connection with the London explosions, together with all such details as the English police would most wish to know. This is a most candid and open-hearted assassin, and the spontaneity of his revelations is only equalled by their plausibility.

Last of all, there is the amazing Montreal detective fresh from New-York, where he has succeeded in discovering an underground dynamiteurs' rendezvous, at which one hundred and fifty of the most truculent exploiters are in the habit of assembling, and where the highly Hibernian precaution of putting on masks to speak in is adopted. The Montreal detective evidently possesses an imagination which is wasted in his present employment, but which could be turned to profitable account in the manufacture of dime novels. Nevertheless, his fancy requires some chastening, for the idea of a secret society the members of which reveal themselves to one another by the occult method of wearing a green uniform is really a little too crude, and coming after the mask episode is apt to breed suspicion in the mind of the cynical.

Dynamiteurs who disguise themselves by wearing green uniforms; who discuss all their dark designs in open congress, or in little gatherings of one hundred and fifty, and who cheerfully unbosom themselves, and "give away" their associates, to the first reporter they happen to meet, may be interesting

creatures, but are not likely seriously to endanger modern civilization. Since, however, they have certainly done some positive mischief already, it may be safest to conclude that the romance of dynamite as recently illustrated is not quite all there is of it, though little vigilance will probably be required to guard against the machinations of the masked and uniformed members of the band.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

St. Louis will be the scene of an interesting religious experiment during the coming season of Lent. The Rev. Dr. John Fulton, rector of a large Episcopal church in that city, has invited six of his clerical brethren in St. Louis, representing six Protestant denominations outside the Episcopal Church, to deliver a course of six lectures in his church on the Sunday evenings of Lent. Bishop Robertson, of the Diocese of Missouri, was consulted by Dr. Fulton before he developed his idea, and he not only sanctioned it, but expects to be present and preside at the opening lecture. The general topic of the lectures will be the evidences of Christianity, a subject certainly wide enough to afford plenty of common ground for sincere Christians of all denominations to stand on.

Dr. Fulton is well known throughout the Episcopal Church for his deep learning and catholicity, and is intensely desirous of breaking down the unnecessary divisions between professing Christians. The spirit which animates Dr. Fulton and the other clergymen is most commendable, and it is to be hoped that it will spread beyond St. Louis.

The Episcopal Church, which stands so largely for church law and discipline, can for that very reason well afford to suggest that after all the Church is only a means to an end and that ecclesiastical order is desirable only in so far as it tends to the well-being of men and women. All the branches of the Christian Church should try to realize the fact that in infidelity they have a common foe that can only be subdued, if at all, by united and concerted action. In view of this fact mere questions of words and names may be left to settle themselves.

MR. CLEVELAND'S VALENTINES.

It is not generally known that the President-elect yesterday received not only numberless valentines of the regulation sort, but many that were what may be called politico-anatomy. The fact that the Associated Press makes no mention of the circumstance last named, and that the Albany correspondent to a man are equally silent in regard to it, shows how secluded Mr. Cleveland is keeping himself these days. His regulation valentines, of course, are for no eyes but his own—with them a stranger intermeddled not; but the politico-anatomy ones will interest the public, and are to be regarded as a unique contribution to governmental history. Want of space forbids us to print the entire package, which has found its way into our hands. We must content ourselves with a few of the most winning ones. Here is a sweetly pathetic little thing:

TO THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

By JUDITH BOWEN. I could I come back to you, Grover, Grover, Come and you'd sit at my feet and hear, I'd give you a heap of advice for nothing, Grover, Grover, patient and stern!

O to recall the days that are not— I call you, you called me with small concern; I left with an oath that scared my huckman, Grover, Grover, patient and stern!

You were hardly quite tender to me, Grover, To me who to please you so eagerly yearn, And yet I'm a bigger statesman than Villis, Grover, Grover, patient and stern!

Send me a telegram, Grover, Grover, O quench not my love while you wait it burn, If your cabinet lacks me I'll be willing, Grover, Grover, patient and stern!

It is difficult to determine which has the more feeling, the lines we have given or this:

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

By CARL SCH. When Bourbon lips and Bourbon hearts Their tales of love shall tell, You'll reflect that I did not for you, You were not loved so well!

O then—perhaps—there'll come a time When you will ache to see A humpback of unworldly build,— O then remember me!

When the office-sweeping hand Have left you worn and weak, You'll be about to bid a man Good-bye, and I'll be there, I'll be there to seek,

A cabin seat, a million great To clear old fat man's way, I do not want a thing, of course, But still, remember me!

There's no position in your gift That takes up no time, Each mumpkin prays by day and night That you will pass him by, For virtue is its own reward,— To that we all agree, But if you feel you really must You may remember me!

The spirit that dominates the above lyrics is as self-sacrificing as it is characteristic of its gifted author. Equally pleasing and characteristic is the following:

LINES TO A FELLOW FELLOW-FANALIAN.

By WILLIAM DORRIS—R. Call me your friend—name fond endearing, Call me—sweet William—when you call, And call me loud, I'm sometimes fearing, You may not call me, after all;

You may not call me, after all; You may not call me, after all; You may not call me, after all; You may not call me, after all;

Call me your friend—name fond endearing, Call me—sweet William—when you call, And call me loud, I'm sometimes fearing, You may not call me, after all;

As the amber preserves the fly which it holds, so the next of these exquisite effusions preserves the memory of one of last year's casualties:

IN MEMORIAM.

By THE REV. DR. SAMUEL BUTCHER—D. Alone I walked the ocean's strand, A pebbly shell was in my hand, I stooped and wrote upon the sand, I stooped and wrote—my name was bland, (Forgive me, O my native land, I wrote three lies, you understand, Grover C.)

No wave did wash those lies away They came—ah, yes, yes, yes—to stay, They came—ah, yes, yes, yes—to stay, They came—ah, yes, yes, yes—to stay;

Had I spoken less unkindly, Had I slugged you not so blindly, Had I not the charges laid, Had I not been broken-hearted,

Now that I have been elected, Bid me not to feel dejected; Bid me not to feel dejected; Bid me not to feel dejected;

Still another striking ballad—but we must stop, although there is much richness remaining in the package.

The most recent accounts of Mr. Pasteur's experiments with dogs, rabbits and monkeys indicate that he is rapidly approaching the close of his five years' campaign against hydrophobia. While he has not yet succeeded in isolating and identifying a microbe that is characteristic of the disease, he has discovered the means of curing and preventing rabies, and is daily demonstrating the effectiveness of this treatment. He is now experimenting with a hundred dogs which have been inoculated with the attenuated virus; and so complete is his success

that it is not unlikely that "vaccination against rabies" will eventually be enforced by legislation in France. Already he is overwhelmed with applications for the preventive virus from timorous owners of fine dogs. Mr. Pasteur will not consent to abandon his studies until he has discovered the minute organism that is either the cause or the effect of hydrophobia and given to the world a full account of its life history.

The Sun remarks: "Here in New-York the public detest statistics as the boss bore, necessary at times, perhaps, but always to be avoided as much as possible." Now THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC is published in New-York and passes rapidly every year to a second edition; and it is as well crammed with statistics as a Christmas pudding is with raisins. The public neither avoids it nor is bored by it, but buys it season after season, this year more contentedly than ever.

The British authorities are charged with suppressing General Gordon's diary sent by the commander of the force which met the British at Metemneh. Probably the strictures are not well founded, since the last message received by this messenger indicated that the hero of Khartoum was confident that he could hold out for years, and consequently the diary could not have contained alarming information. What is more important is the fact that the diary will furnish authentic information for an animated account of General Gordon's last campaign from the pen of Mr. Hake or Mr. Forbes, or some other biographer. The Europeans with him have all perished and unless there are trustworthy records of his operations during the long siege, the story of his heroism can never be adequately told.

Between the Seylla leadership of Ely, of Otsego, and the Charvady rivalry of Oliver, of Five Points, the Democratic minority in the Assembly is fast becoming a disorganized mob.

Those old-line Democratic newspapers that are wondering why Allen G. Thurman has not been asked to contribute his sage counsel to Mr. Cleveland's education, might do well to recall the fact that the Ohio "Roman's" campaign speeches did not contain even the faintest reference to the Democratic candidate. Perhaps the old-line Democrats may have forgotten this, but it is quite safe to say that it sticks hard in the memory of Cleveland.

Congressman Holman belongs to a class of persons who are extremely short of sight and long of wind. There are a lot of them in Congress, and yet people wonder why American shipping cannot be revived.

THE TRIBUNE'S mail bag seldom contains anything more touching than this brief letter from Mr. Joseph F. Jarline: "I enclose please find ten dollars for application to the Fresh-Air Fund. It is the money our dear boy Joe left behind him in the savings bank. I do not think he would desire, could he speak, to make a better disposition of his little savings than to make some other children happy." Certainly the money could not be put to better use than in giving several tenement children a fortnight's run in the country next summer. There is a pathos in the hard lot of the poor in a great city that has served to make THE TRIBUNE'S yearly vacation journeys one of the most popular charities of the time. The receipts of the Fresh-Air Fund already exceed season after season those of many well-founded charitable institutions; and memorial gifts such as this show how firm a hold it has upon the affections and sympathies of the public.

The Baltimore Herald is inclined to think that the Mahdi is Captain Howgate. This theory has an undoubted basis of reason, but from the way the Mahdi has of showering fat favors on his heels, one would not be astonished to find that he is Herbert O. Thompson's alter ego.